

Broken

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Summary: Beatrice Prior is a broken girl. She has been to hell and back multiple times, but, what is this time, she can't get back out? As she leaves to Chicago, she meets a very bi-polar singer, who's music depends on his attitude.

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Chapter 1

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Third-Person Pov

A short woman, about 5'6. She has long blonde hair, dull grey-blue eyes that once sparkled. She has a small frame and looks younger than she is. This woman, is Beatrice Prior. She looks happy on the outside, but on the inside she's broken. She's lost just about everything. Her family, her friends, and nearly her sanity. The only thing she has left is her art. Beatrice is nearly 23, now. She used to judge things, take things for granted. But, in the past few years, she's learned not to judge a book by it's cover, value everything you have, and live life to the fullest, because you may never know when it will end.

****Beatrice's Pov****

Today was the day, I was leaving and I was not looking back. With everything that has happened over the past two years, you wouldn't catch me here even if I were dead. I'm standing in line A waiting to board the plane to Chicago. Slowly, the flight attendant starts leading the line into the terminal. As I walk through, I can hear the engine of the plane rumbling, shaking the floor beneath me. As we reach the end, I slowly step onto the plane, and feel the burst of cool air hit me. I make my way down the aisle, I take a seat near the front of the airplane and I lean back shutting my eyes. After the plane takes off, I pull out my phone and headphones, and turn on

Drunk Love, by the Dauntless Fire. As the song starts reaching the chorus I start singing quietly

_I used to be love drunk, _

_But now I'm hungover. _

_I'll love you forever, _

_forever is over. _

_We used to kiss all night, _

_Now it's just a bar fight. _

_So don't call me crying. _

_Say hello to goodbye. _

I continue to sing, until somebody taps me on the shoulder.

"Could you be just a little quieter? My friend's trying to sleep." A tall looking man with dark blue eyes says, pointing over his shoulder.

"Oh," I say apologetically, "sorry, I'll be quiet." I turn my head back to the window and keep listening to music, before I know it, I'm fast asleep.

I wake up crying and sweating. Honestly, I was sort of surprised that I wasn't screaming. The man next to me looks at me concerned. But, I pay no attention to it. I have learned not to trust men. Not after _that_ night. I feel a tap on my shoulder and I look over, wiping the tears.

"Hey," he says "you okay?"

I nod "Yeah." I say barely loud enough for him to hear

"Nightmare?" He questions and I nod again

"Yeah, nothing new."

"Really? That's not normal, are you sure that you are alright? You know, I can probably help, I've been to hell and back multiple times."

"You're right, you may be able to help, but I gave up on people a long time ago, and, I usually don't go around spilling my secrets to anyone I meet."

"Well, that, I had coming. Why don't we play twenty questions?" He pointed to the guy next to him "He is going to be out for at least another year." I couldn't help but giggle quietly at that. Maybe this guy wasn't like the rest. I shrugged my shoulders.

"Eh, why not." _What could go wrong? _I thought to myself, that was until I heard his first question.

"So," he said "why the baggy sweater? It's like, idk a hundred

degrees in here."

End
file.